TOY STORY II

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FIRST DRAFT
December 20, 1996

BEGIN TITLES OVER:

A futuristic city on a distant planet. A KIDNAPPED SPACE PRINCESS is tied up helplessly on a giant venus fly trap. Our POV hurries toward the princess, jumping barriers and swinging on ropes through the sci-fi setting, until...

EMPEROR ZURG
(very tinny)
Prepare to die, Buzz Lightyear!

EMPEROR ZURG leaps into frame, brandishing his ION BLASTER GUN.

WIDEN TO REVEAL

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - MORNING

It's a video game on a TV screen. The image looms above us like an Imax movie, but down at the very bottom we see the small silhouette of BUZZ LIGHTYEAR sitting in front of the TV, playing the game. Buzz holds a huge joystick.

Buzz starts shooting back. Two more silhouettes shaped like REX and HAMM hurry in front of the TV.

HAMM
Uh-oh, that pesky Zurg character. Use your time warp cannon!

REX
Really? I would use my terillium shield.

BUZZ
(proudly)
I'll de-moleculize him with my antimatter phaser.

Hamm tries to grab the joystick.

HAMM
No! Buzz Lightyear wouldn't do that.

BUZZ
I am Buzz Lightyear!

Zurg starts FIRING the blaster at us. Rex shakes Buzz.

REX
He's attacking. Buzz, do something!

BUZZ
(calls o.s.)
Woody, tell these guys I know what I'm doing.

PAN OVER TO REVEAL

Woody stands on the shelf next to the TV. On his doodle pad, Woody has drawn a makeshift calendar, with a few days left to go until the day marked, "CAMP OVER - ANDY BACK!" Woody crosses off another day, props the pad against a book so the room can see it.

WOODY
Guys, next time I'm stranded on an alien planet, there's no one I'd rather have lead the rescue party than Buzz Lightyear...

As Woody speaks, he sees something through Andy's window. For a split second Mrs. Davis walks by carrying a few items, including what might have been a "GARAGE SALE" sign--she's gone before Woody can tell. Woody mouths the words "GARAGE SALE?"

There's a HAMMERING NOISE outside. Woody looks worried. He scopes out the room; across the room is the window, and a dresser in front of it. In b.g. we hear a CASIO WINNING FANFARE.

REX (O.S.)
High score! You did it, Buzz!

HAMM (O.S.)
Way to go, Super Buzzio!

WOODY
(to other toys o.s.)
See you later, guys. Gotta check something out.

Woody hops down to the floor and starts heading for the window. Slinky approaches. In b.g. other toys play rambunctiously.

SLINKY
Howdy, Woody! Andy coming home today?

WOODY
Three more days, Slinky. Hey Slink, checkers at four o'clock?

Slinky looks up nervously.

SLINKY
Where? Where?

WOODY
(laughs)
Good one, Slink.

Woody walks away; Slinky continues to look around nervously. Woody salutes as he approaches Sarge, who leads the ALIENS as they try to march in place. The Aliens SQUEAK out of unison.

SARGE
Hut, hut, hut! Let's move it!

WOODY
Lookin' good, Sarge. The few, the proud... the Aliens!
(he laughs at his own joke)
Hey Sarge, where's the regular army?

SARGE
Sir, the men are on leave, Sir!

Sarge motions to SEE 'N SAY. The GREEN ARMY MEN (in hawaiian shirts) are gathered around, using See 'N Say as a roulette wheel and CHEERING.

WOODY
Great, Sarge. Keep that morale up.

Woody walks by Rex, who's holding MIKE's mike, reading from a book to a group of LITTLE TYKES. As Rex reads, he gets more carried away, shouting more passionately with every word.

REX
"See Dick! See Dick run!" Oh no! "Run, Dick, run!" I can't go any further! The suspense is killing me!
(sees Woody)
Woody! Care to join us for a book discussion group?

WOODY
Later, Rex. I've got some business to check on...

Rex and Woody are distracted by a loud KISSING NOISE.

WOODY
(smiles)
Uh oh, turn your heads, Little Tykes. They're at it again!

Woody looks toward a DOLL HOUSE. MR. and MRS. POTATO HEAD stand in the side "yard," smooching like two lovebirds.

POTATO HEAD
(syrupy-sweet voice)
Aww, who's my widdle tater tot?

MRS. POTATO HEAD
Ooh, you're my itty bitty wuv spud.

Woody gets a silly grin, then continues on.

HOLD ON DOLL HOUSE

Mr. and Mrs. Potato Head finish kissing. His lips are stuck to hers. He pulls them off and reattaches them. Hamm approaches.

HAMM
Hey, Spudhead, feel like catching the Rock'em Sock'em robot fight?

POTATO HEAD
Not today, Hamm. Got to finish the deck.

Mr. Potato Head puts a couple of Legos on the deck.

HAMM
Oh I get it. Missis doesn't want you going out.

POTATO HEAD
Hey, I wear the skin in the family!

HAMM
Really? Howabout tomorrow then?

POTATO HEAD
Sorry. Building the wife a redwood hot tub.

He points to a can of Lincoln Logs. Hamm shrugs, exits. As he leaves...

HAMM
(under breath)
Man, that is one whipped potato.

ANGLE ON THE TOP OF ANDY'S DRESSER

Woody climbs onto the top. He starts to peer out the window, but BO PEEP pulls him back with her crook.

WOODY
Bo? Why'd you do that?

BO PEEP
So I could do this.

She leans Woody back out of frame to KISS him. As Woody's legs rise up into frame, we see a thread in his pants catch on a loose screw on the dresser. The thread RIPS, but Woody's too distracted to notice.

BO PEEP
That's for doing such a good job keeping the toys happy while Andy's been away.

WOODY
(dazed)
Howuzzah... ishkabibble...

BO PEEP
If you need me, Sheriff, you know what to do. Just give me a ring.

She suggestively removes a ring from the ring toss pole, and rolls it to Woody's feet. Woody stares stupidly at the ring, then snaps out his daze and turns around to look out the window.

He sees Mrs. Davis hammering a sign into the ground. The sign reads "GARAGE SALE."

WOODY
(sighs)
Great... This is the last thing the toys need.

REX (O.S.)
Hey Woody!

Woody turns around, sees Rex is coming. Woody panics and yanks Andy's window shade down, covering the window. Woody stands there, straining to hold the shade down, trying to look nonchalant.

REX
Could you hand me "The Pokey Little Puppy?" The Little Tykes are demanding something more sophisticated.

Laying on the dresser is the book, "The Pokey Little Puppy." Woody stretches to reach the book with his hand, while holding the shade down by placing his feet on the shade's pullring. He hands Rex the book, smiling nervously.

REX
Woody? Are you hiding something behind that shade?

WOODY
Me? What? Never! Why, who ever heard of anything so...

THWIPP-P-P! The shade pulls up, yanking Woody up with a FLAP FLAP FLAP. The other toys in the room stop playing and watch as Woody lands in a heap on the bed. He jumps up, composes himself.

WOODY
Not a problem! I'm fine! Keep on playing!

Rex examines the window.

REX
Why Woody, there's nothing back here to hide at all. I don't see anything except for a sign that says... GARAGE SALE!

HAMM
Garage sale?!

SLINKY
Garage sale!

Panic breaks out. The Little Tykes hop in the toy chest and SLAM the lid. The SHEEP hide under Bo Peep's skirt. Mrs. Potato Head runs into her doll house and shuts all the windows. Woody hops down to the floor.

WOODY
Everyone, calm down. It's just a garage sale...

POTATO HEAD
Garage sale? That's worse than being given to the puppy!

WOODY
Come on, there's no need to worry.

REX
Strangers poking and prodding at my soft underbelly--how humiliating!

WOODY
Rex! No one is going to get poked!

HAMM
Sure, sell the kid's toys when he's away at camp! He'll be in therapy for life!

WOODY
Everyone, quiet!
(the toys settle down)
Relax. None of us are going to the garage sale. Mom wouldn't sell any of us with Andy away at camp! Besides, garage sales are only for old toys.

POTATO HEAD
Woody's right. We shouldn't be worried. He should! He's the oldest toy around here. Woody's practically an antique!

WOODY
Oh, I am <u>not</u> an antique!

As Woody gestures to make his point, the ripped stitch POPS. Woody looks down, sees some stuffing is coming out of his pants.

REX
Don't worry, Woody. Just because you're falling apart, that doesn't change how much we love you.

WOODY
Hey, I am not falling apart! I've just been... heavily loved.

Woody tries to act cool as he kicks the stuffing back in his pants.

HAMM
Hmm, fiberurethane. Now <u>that's</u> quality plush fill. Course it's been banned since the seventies...

WOODY
Alright! Now if you'll excuse me, I'm going out for a little rest, relaxation...
(stuffing comes out again)
...and restuffing.

Woody climbs onto Andy's bed. He hops up and sits on the windowsill, his feet dangling out the open window over the garage roof. Woody stews as he shoves the stuffing back in.

WOODY
(muttering as he restuffs)
Antique! We'll see who's falling apart. Just cause a fellah looses a little bit of his insides... I'm just more "mature," that's all...

Woody stares out the window over the suburban landscape. Everything is quiet, except the pleasant chirping of birds. Woody takes a deep breath, relaxes. He hops down onto the top of the garage roof.

EXT. GARAGE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Woody stands on a shingle, stretches his legs.

WOODY
Ahhh. Finally a little peace and quiet. Nothing to bother me up here on the...

As Woody shifts his weight, the shingle he's standing on cracks and starts to slip.

WOODY
...Whoa... Whaaah!...

The shingle slips loose and Woody slides down the roof slope as if he were on a toboggan. He tries to stop the shingle with his boot, but to no avail.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andy's toys see Woody sliding down the roof. They stop their playing and run up to the window sill, concerned.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Woody plummets off the garage roof and WHUMP!, lands in a cardboard box on a table. The box is full of junk. Woody stumbles to his feet, a lampshade perched on his head.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The toys LAUGH.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Woody looks up, sees the toys laughing at him in Andy's window. He throws the shade down, crosses his arms, stands there fuming.

Just then an ominous shadow approaches from behind. Woody goes limp, falling back into the box.

A man's stubby hand reaches down and grabs Woody. The MAN holds Woody to his face and examines him.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The toys stop laughing. They GASP.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The man SQUEALS with delight.

THE MAN
A Woody! A genuine 1958 Woody with original hat!

He calms himself, then picks up other items and carries them to Mrs. Davis.

THE MAN
(fake nonchalant)
I want this clock radio, these Abba eight-tracks and er... this junky, worthless, old, cowboy thingy.
(weasely grin)

MRS. DAVIS
Woody? What's he doing down here? He's not for sale.

She takes Woody out of the man's hands.

THE MAN
Come on, it's a garage sale, lady. I found that thing fair and square. It's not for me. I want it for my poor bedridden son, er...
(glances at "Philco" radio)
Phil. My son Phil.

MRS. DAVIS
Sorry, that's my boy's favorite toy. I couldn't sell him.

The man frowns, eyes Woody menacingly. He looks around, sees Andy's old skateboard is under the table. At the end of the table is a floor lamp. He furtively pushes the skateboard with his foot. It rolls into the lamp, knocking it over with CLATTER.

MRS. DAVIS
Oh, what now?

Distracted, Mrs. Davis puts Woody on a chair by the cash box and walks over to pick up the lamp. The man grabs Woody and scurries to his car.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The toys are in shock.

POTATO HEAD
Hey! Chubby's stealing our Sheriff!

REX
Come back with Woody, you, you... toynapper!

Buzz grabs LENNY, looks through.

BUZZ'S POV THROUGH BINOCULARS

The man jumps into his car. As he speeds off, Buzz focuses on the license plate: "LZTYBRN."

BUZZ (V.O.)
"L-Z-T-Y-B-R-N?"

Buzz shakes his head, can't figure it out. The toys stand at the window sill, watching as the car drives out of sight.

BO PEEP
Woody!

CUT TO:

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

All the toys (except Buzz) are gathered around one of Andy's drawings of Woody. It's a Woody wake.

The Green Army Men line up in shooting formation.

SARGE
Fire!

They pull their triggers for a twenty-one plastic gun salute.

GREEN ARMY MEN
(not in unison)
Bang!

All of the toys hang their heads as ROBOT bangs out "Taps" on a Playskool xylophone. The SHRINER TYKES drive by in their little cars; one shriner leaves the pack, forming a "missing man" formation.

Bo Peep steps up to the Woody drawing.

BO PEEP
I think it'd be nice if we each said a little something about what Woody meant to us.

Slinky steps up.

SLINKY
I'm not good at speeches. But Woody... I'll never play checkers without thinkin' how you always let me triple jump ya.
(looks at drawing)
I'll miss ya, pal.

Mr. Potato Head steps up to the drawing.

POTATO HEAD
The man was a saint! There was never a moment when I didn't show the utmost respect for him!
(tears up)
Excuse me. Must've put on the wife's eyes on this morning by mistake!

Mr. Potato Head pulls off his eyes and replaces them with Mrs. Potato Head's. Mrs. Potato Head tears up, blows her nose with a handkerchief. When she pulls the handkerchief away, her nose is still in it.

Rex steps up to the drawing.

REX
For those who need it, I'll be leading crisis counseling after the ceremony...
(blubbers)
Woody! We never even got to say goodbye!

Rex is carried away with emotion. He runs off hysterical.

HAMM
Guess today's crisis session is canceled.

BO PEEP
Buzz, any thoughts to share about Woody?... Buzz?

She notices Buzz is not there.

WHIP PAN TO:

Buzz paces back and forth in front of Etch, deep in thought. Written on Etch's screen are the giant letters: LZTYBRN. Buzz stares at the screen, scratches his chin.

BUZZ
Try the "l-z" combination.

REVEAL Buzz is talking to Mr. Spell.

MR. SPELL
Lazy Toy Brain... Lousy Tie, Bernie... Lou's Thigh Burns... Lance To Your Brain...

BUZZ
Blast! This is going in circles.

Buzz slumps in frustration.

MR. SPELL (O.S.)
Al's Tea Burned... Al's Toy Barn...

Buzz straightens up. His eyes go wide. He spins around at Mister Spell.

BUZZ
Al's Toy Barn!

MR. SPELL
That is correct.

BACK TO WAKE

Buzz marches by the wake, looking ultra-determined.

BO PEEP
Buzz, you're missing the service. Where're you going?

BUZZ
I'm going to bring Woody home.

SLINKY
From where?!

Buzz points to Mr. Spell. His screen still reads "Al's Toy Barn."

BUZZ
Al's Toy Barn. The man who stole Woody was Al!

ALL TOYS
WHAT?!

HAMM
Al's Toy Barn? The fat guy from the TV commercials?

POTATO HEAD
(makes crazy gesture)
Someone's been sitting too close to the video game!

BUZZ
Woody saved my life once--and he's too young to be tossed into the toybox just yet.

Buzz starts toward Andy's window.

SLINKY
Me neither! Take me with ya, Buzz!

REX
Me too! I want to rescue Woody!

BUZZ
Alright. We'll begin our mission in five minutes. With any luck we'll be home tomorrow morning.

Hamm looks to Mr. Potato Head.

HAMM
Up for a road trip, Spudhead?

POTATO HEAD
Me? And leave my little french fry?

MRS. POTATO HEAD
You should go, sweet potato. If you want to make me happy... bring Woody back home.

HAMM
Yeah, "Sweet Potato."

POTATO HEAD
Alright then.
(attaches his moustache)
A spud's gotta do what a spud's gotta do.

EXT. WINDOW/GARAGE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The toys slip out of Andy's window and hop down to the roof. Buzz leads the toys to the top of an ivy trellis. Buzz grabs on.

BO PEEP (O.S.)
Buzz, wait!

Bo Peep runs onto the roof, leans down and gives Buzz a kiss. Buzz is stone faced.

BO PEEP
That's for Woody when you see him.

BUZZ
I'll pass it on... but I doubt he'll enjoy it coming from me.

Buzz looks out at the suburban landscape. Houselights twinkle.

BUZZ
To Al's Toy Barn... and beyond!

Buzz leads the toys down the ivy trellis as we...

DISSOLVE TO:

An imposing high-rise apartment building in a large city. The "LZTYBRN" car parks in front of the high-rise. Al steps out, carrying Woody. He enters an outdoor elevator.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

It's a penthouse decorated with framed covers of business magazines featuring Al's picture, a collection of Pez dispensers, and a wall of framed photos... all of various toys.

Al enters, carrying Woody. He WHISTLES and tries to act nonchalant, which only makes him appear suspicious. As soon as he closes the door behind him...

AL
Yes! Yes! Yessss! A genuine first edition Woody!

Al does a little victory dance around the apartment.

Al stops dancing and stares at Woody lovingly.

AL
At last! The mother lode!
(ala conga)
Woody, Woody, Woo-dee!

Al dances into another room.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT - WORK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Woody is carried across the room, rimmed with floor-to-ceiling shelves full of boxes. The boxes have labels such as "Captain Platypus," "Dinky Doodle's Playhouse," and "Rococco The Clown."

Woody is carried toward a workbench. Protruding from the bench is a big clamp. Al puts Woody on the workbench and clamps his head into a fixed position.

WOODY'S POV

Operating room style lights blare down from overhead.

Al stares down into Woody's eyes. Al holds up a q-tip, then dips it in a jar bearing a skull and crossbone and label: "DANGER: CORROSIVE!"

Al grins and slowly lowers the dripping Q-tip right into Woody's eyes. The Q-tip SQUEAKS as grime is painstakingly rubbed off of Woody's eyes.

Next Al holds up a WHIRRING buffing wheel. Then he applies the buffing wheel to Woody's face.

Finally Al puts down the buffer and holds up a gleaming metal dentist's hook. He dips the hook a test tube of liquid plastic bubbling over a bunsen burner. A drop of molten plastic dangles from the instrument. Al applies it menacingly to Woody's forehead.

ANGLE ON WOODY

We see that Al is repairing the burned indentation in Woody's forehead. Woody looks brand new, shiny as a waxed apple.

Al stands up, admires Woody. He goes to the shelf and pulls off marked "Woody's Roundup." Al carries Woody and the box into...

INT. AL'S APARTMENT - DISPLAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Al enters, places three toys from the box--a HORSE, and old PROSPECTOR DOLL, and a CACTUS--along with Woody, on cushy display pillows. He exits. WIDEN to reveal this is a spartan, pristine room full of polished glass displays. Woody frantically looks around for an exit.

SRTA. CACTUS
(whispers to Prospector)
It's Woody! Someone introduce me. How's my sheen? Am I shiny enough?

PROSPECTOR
(country club accent)
You look positively near mint!

SRTA. CACTUS
(similar accent)
Hey, I am mint! You're the one who's near mint!

PROSPECTOR
Pish posh! So I've been touched by human hands! At least I still have my original box!

Woody happens to look in their direction.

PROSPECTOR
Woody, old bean!

SRTA. CACTUS
Welcome to the club, sport.

BULLSEYE (THE HORSE)
(down home accent)
Put 'er there, pal!

Bullseye holds out a hoof for Woody to shake. Woody stares at them in shock.

WOODY
I'm outta here.

Woody turns and bolts.

PROSPECTOR
(to Bullseye)
Now you've done it! You've scared him away with your non-mint hoof!

Woody runs for the door, slipping around on the super-polished floor. Woody tries the door; it's shut tight.

WOODY
Come on, guys, help me get outta here?

PROSPECTOR
Get out? Whatever for?

Woody runs to the window, starts trying to open it. It won't budge. Then Woody looks out the window and is terrified by what he sees: a huge expanse of city twenty stories below. Andy's house is nowhere in sight.

WOODY
(practically crying)
Andy! Andy!

PROSPECTOR
Who's this Andy chap?

SRTA. CACTUS
Perhaps he was Woody's former collector.

WOODY
He's the kid who plays with me.

PROSPECTOR
Plays with? Ghastly!

WOODY
What's "ghastly" about it? I'm a toy just like you.

PROSPECTOR
A toy? Watch your language!

SRTA. CACTUS
We are not "toys." We prefer to be thought of as "Collectibles."

WOODY
Uh huh. And I prefer to think of you as "loonies."

BULLSEYE
Fellahs, I don't think he knows he's a collector's item.

SRTA. CACTUS
(realizing)
Oh of course! He's been played with--corrupted by a kid!

They hop down from the display, walk over to Woody.

PROSPECTOR
Now see here, Woody. This escaping fiddle faddle has got to stop now.

SRTA. CACTUS
Let's get one thing clear. You're not going to be played with any more.

PROSPECTOR
You're a collector's item now. You've graduated to a whole new plane of toy existence.

WOODY
Right. And you've graduated from "loony" to "total nutcase."

Woody starts to walk away. The Prospector grabs Woody by the shoulder, turns Woody around.

PROSPECTOR
Old boy, do you know how long we've been waiting for <u>you</u>?! You're the centerpiece of the "Woody's Roundup" collection! Look.

WOODY'S POV - SCANNING THE DISPLAY

A lunchbox with Woody's face on it. An old lp with Woody's face on the sleeve. A board game box with Woody and Bullseye on it, etc.

Towering over the display is a massive antique poster advertising a fifties TV kids show. The poster depicts Woody riding on Bullseye, with the Prospector and Senorita Cactus standing nearby. The poster reads "DuMont Network presents... Woody's Roundup."

SRTA. CACTUS
Congratulations, boy. You're a star!

PROSPECTOR
You're not a toy anymore. You're one of us now.

WOODY
(overwhelmed gurgle)
Harrrghumph...

Woody faints, falls on his face.

SRTA. CACTUS
He scuffed his sheen!

PROSPECTOR
Get the buffer!

CUT TO:

MONTAGE TO FOLLOW - EN ROUTE TO AL'S TOY BARN

Buzz leads the toys on a trek to Al's Toy Barn. Through a series of mishaps and bad decisions, one by one the toys lose faith in Buzz, until at last Buzz loses faith in himself. Buzz wonders why he ever thought a mere toy could journey across town.

CUT TO:

INT. AL'S APARTMENT - DISPLAY ROOM - DAY

Woody is lying on the floor, his arm stretched under the door. He's tied his belt and bandanna into a lasso. He slips his arm under the door, and GRUNTS as he tries to lasso the doorknob overhead. With each failed attempt, Woody gets more and more downhearted. Bullseye comes over, starts nonchalantly tossing his horseshoe.

BULLSEYE
(covert code)
So... I see we have... similar interests.

Woody misses with the lasso again.

WOODY
Similar?! I'm not some "collectible" who hates being a toy. I'm nothing like you!

BULLSEYE
(looks around; the coast is clear)
You're everything like me. I liked being a toy. I was played with too, back in the fifties.

WOODY
What? You?...
(warms up)
Sorry. Put er there, pal!

Woody uses his free hand to shake with Bullseye.

BULLSEYE
Yep, just like you, I was. The birdman of Al's apartment. Fifty four escape attempts at the window, hundred and twenty seven at the air vent, and...
(proudly)
two hundred and eighty four attempts to lasso the doorknob like you're doing. I've been here a long time, Woody, and if there's one thing I've learned, it's that...

Woody tosses the lasso up to the doorknob. CLICK. Woody brightens and pulls hard on the door. It doesn't open, and WHAM! Woody yanks himself headfirst into the door.

BULLSEYE
...that door's deadbolted.

WOODY
(deadpan)
Thanks.

BULLSEYE
Woody, don't be a darn fool. I spent years wishing I could break out, and all I got was a broken heart.
(perks up)
Besides, life here ain't that bad. Al treats us well. Prospector and Senorita Cactus... they've got their good points...

WOODY
<u>What</u> good points?!

BULLSEYE
(thinking hard)
Er... They're very shiny... The cactus isn't <u>that</u> prickly... The Prospector has good diction...
(defensive)
Well, it could be worse! I could still be stuck in that moldy box.

Woody sits down, despondent. He's staring up at something.

BULLSEYE
Yep, the more I tried to escape, the more I learned that you don't escape from Al's.

WOODY
Bullseye... What do you know about that skylight up there?

BULLSEYE
I know... that you've got some learnin' to do. Good luck, friend.

Bullseye smiles at Woody, walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Andy's toys despondently trudge along. Buzz drags behind.

REX
I can't take any more of this! I'm allergic to failure!

POTATO HEAD
(quoting Hamm sarcastically)
"Up for a road trip, Spudhead? It'll be a lot of laughs..."

The toys come upon a wide stretch of highway. Cars WHOOSH by on four lanes. It looks dangerous.

SLINKY
Now what do we do, Buzz?

POTATO HEAD
Don't ask him. He got us into this whole mess. He's blown everything.

SLINKY
Quit pickin' on Buzz. He's doing the best he can... I think.

BUZZ
No, Potato Head's right. I had no business trying this. I don't even know where we are. Maybe we should turn around...

Rex looks up. Between the flow of cars he sees a shopping center across the street. In the middle is Al's Toy Barn.

REX
Al's Toy Barn! Woody!

Rex doesn't look both ways, he just excitedly starts running across the road.

BUZZ
Rex, no!

The cars barely miss Rex as he gets to the other side.

BUZZ
Now don't any of you try...

SLINKY
Road's clear!

HAMM
Let's go for it!

Buzz watches Potato Head, Hamm and Slinky dash madly across the road. Now Buzz is stranded on the side of the highway. He grits his teeth in frustration. From the other side of the road he hears...

SLINKY
Come on over!

POTATO HEAD
What are you waiting for?

Buzz starts across the road. Halfway there he looks up and sees a Buick heading straight for him.

Buzz freezes, not knowing what to do. As the car WHOOSHES by, its curb feeler KNOCKS Buzz to the pavement.

Buzz staggers up, looks at his leg.

BUZZ
Whuh?!

Buzz is mortified to see the curb feeler's scratched a scuff mark deep into his leg. He gets up to move but a line of cars whiz by in both directions.

REX
Buzz!

Rex runs back into the road, narrowly avoiding the traffic. He grabs Buzz and drags him to the other side.

SLINKY
Ya made it!

HAMM
Close call, there. You could've been a Space Ranger pancake.

BUZZ
(to self)
Space Ranger? I'm just a toy! What am I doing out here?

REX
(re: Toy Barn)
Buzz is right. What are we doing out here? Woody's in <u>there</u>!

The toys WALLAH IN CELEBRATION, and rush toward the superstore.

Buzz watches the toys run toward Al's, but doesn't feel like celebrating. After a beat, he trudges toward Al's Toy Barn, a defeated toy.

CUT TO:

INT. AL'S APARTMENT - DISPLAY ROOM - LATER

Woody has stacked a bunch of "Woody's Roundup" paraphernalia--lunchboxes, board games, bookbags, thermi, books, etc--into a very rickety stack leading to the skylight. Woody is climbing, carrying a book, "Woody's Book of Phonics."

Bullseye watches as Woody climbs higher and higher. The Prospector and Senorita Cactus are playing chess, their backs to Woody. They don't see the escape attempt.

Woody reaches the top. The skylight is right above his head. Woody places the book on top. Now the stack reaches right up to the skylight.

WOODY
(sotto, as he climbs)
Hah! "No one's ever escaped Al's." That was before Al messed with <u>me</u>!

Woody hops on top of the book, pushes against the skylight. It won't budge.

WOODY
(panicky)
No, no... This can't be happening.

Woody POUNDS on the skylight. The stack starts to quake. Bullseye runs for cover as the bottom falls out. The stack topples over with a CRASH, sending Woody flying.

The Prospector and Senorita Cactus are startled. They look up from their game, see Woody staggering out of the pile in a daze.

PROSPECTOR
Not another escape attempt. How tedious.

SRTA. CACTUS
I'll say one thing for him, he's got guts.
(pause)
I hate guts.

PROSPECTOR
Senorita, we've got to find a way to break him.

SRTA. CACTUS
Break him? He'll be worth a lot less if we do that.

PROSPECTOR
I mean his spirit. As long as he pines for...
(nauseous)
"being played with," he'll escape and it's back to the box for sure. But I, oh prickly one, have a devilish idea...

Woody sits despondently on his pile of merchandise.

WOODY
Who am I fooling? This is hopeless.
(to skylight)
So long, Andy.

Woody puts his head in his hands. The Prospector and Senorita Cactus walk up behind him.

PROSPECTOR
Woodrow, old chum, are you still pining for those unsophisticated baubles?

WOODY
You mean my friends?

PROSPECTOR
Woody, old bean, those tasteless trinkets obviously didn't appreciate the value of a true antique like yourself...

WOODY
Don't call me that!

SRTA. CACTUS
What? Antique? Why, you say that like it's a bad thing! The Mona Lisa and Ming vases are antiques. People treasure them!

WOODY
Andy treasured me.

SRTA. CACTUS
How quaint. That's what Bullseye thought.

PROSPECTOR
Bullseye, why don't you tell Woody about when you were "played with?"

Bullseye looks away, embarrassed.

PROSPECTOR
I know why. He's too ashamed! He had a little boy, just like your Danny fellow...

WOODY
Andy.

PROSPECTOR
...and you know what he did? He threw our poor, poor Bullseye away! One day in 1959, his dad brought home a hula hoop. The kid got hooked... and Bullseye...
(melodramatic)
was never played with again!

Bullseye hangs his head, slinks away.

SRTA. CACTUS
Didn't you say Danny, or whatever his name is... had a... video game?

PROSPECTOR
Oh my friend, it's already over! Video games are the hula hoops of the nineties! Soon he'll discover comic books, rock and roll, and finally...

Senorita Cactus bats her eyelashes in a flirtatious way. She mimics a kiss.

SRTA. CACTUS
You're already history, man!

WOODY
(despairing)
I don't want to hear any more.

The Prospector smiles, puts his arm around Woody.

PROSPECTOR
Yes, Cactus, enough of your depressing drivel dravel. Woody needs some good news!

The Prospector opens up a large book titled "Collectible Toy Blue Book." He peers inside the book.

PROSPECTOR
Here you go Woody, you're up fourteen percent this month!

WOODY
What are you talking about?

SRTA. CACTUS
Nothing that concerns a mere "toy" like yourself. We're looking you up in the price guide.

WOODY
What price guide?

PROSPECTOR
The collectible toy price guide. But you wouldn't want to see how much you're worth. It'd be too great a shock.

WOODY
(interest slightly piqued)
Let me see.

PROSPECTOR
Well, if you're sure you can handle it, I guess so...

He holds the book up to Woody's face. Woody peeks inside.

WOODY
I'm worth <u>that</u> much?!

PROSPECTOR
Oh no, my good man, that's without your hat. <u>With</u> your hat, you're worth this much.
(points)

WOODY
Pull my string!

Woody can't speak. His head reels, his hat falls off. The Prospector and Senorita Cactus jump for the hat.

PROSPECTOR
(snaps fingers)
Cactus, fluff the man's pillows!

Senorita Cactus rushes over with Woody's pillow, fluffs it. Woody leans back on it, stares at his price in the price guide. Woody shows a slightly bemused smile. The Prospector and Cactus grin devilishly at each other.

Woody goes back to the merchandise on the floor, blankly stares at it, looks at the skylight and SIGHS, picks up the merchandise, and puts it back on the display.

CUT TO:

EXT. AL'S TOY BARN - NIGHT

Rex, Potato Head, Hamm, Slinky, and finally Buzz arrive outside the electric eye door to Al's Toy Barn. They run from the spot that activates the door to the door itself, but it closes on them.

They finally leave Slinky's back end at the activation spot. The door opens, the toys slip in, and they yank Slinky quickly through the closing door.

INT. AL'S TOY BARN - CONTINUOUS

A giant toy supermarket. The lights are dimming. They hear footsteps.

REX
Where do we hide? Where do we hide?

SLINKY
What do you mean, "where do we hide?" It's a toy store!

They fall limp as a SECURITY GUARD passes and exits the building.

GUARD
(calls)
I'm locking up. Good night, Al.

The guard turns the main lights off and exits. The toys scope the place; there's no one around. Al's huge Toy Barn is a world unto itself. The shelves are skyscraper size, the lights above are like stars. It's dark and creepy. Everyone looks up, awestruck at the shelves of lifeless toys in boxes.

SLINKY
This place is giving me the willies.

REX
You think Woody's up there? I hope we don't have to open <u>all</u> those boxes.

SLINKY
Al sure has a big bedroom!

HAMM
What are you talking about? This isn't his bedroom! <u>That's</u> his bedroom!

Hamm points to an ajar office door that reads "President's Office." There's a light coming from the office.

REX
I bet he's in there with Woody playing cowboys and indians.

Rex, Potato Head, Hamm and Slinky rush toward the office door. Buzz stays behind, staring awestruck up at an aisle.

AT AL'S OFFICE DOOR

Rex, Potato Head, Hamm and Slinky hide behind the door and peek through the crack. Inside, Al is on the phone. By the door sits Al's open duffel bag.

AL
(into phone)
Of course, it's the authentic first edition Woody. I'll see you at my condo at five thirty. Bring your checkbook.

SLINKY
(sotto)
He doesn't live here! Woody's miles away!

Rex grabs a plastic dart gun and some suction cup darts off the nearby shelf.

REX
(sotto)
Let's kidnap Al! Give him a taste of his own medicine!

HAMM
(sotto)
We can't use that. Get rid of it.

REX
(sotto)
But it's so pretty!

POTATO HEAD
(sotto)
Shh, I've got it all figured out. We get into that bag, and I bet tubby brings us right home to Woody! Any problems with my plan, Buzz? Buzz?

Buzz isn't with them.

POTATO HEAD
Now where'd that spaceman get to?

ANGLE ON BUZZ

Buzz is awestruck by an aisle full of Buzz Lightyears. They closely resemble Buzz, except these are newer, flashier models labeled, "Ultra Buzz Lightyear 2000."

Buzz looks up at hundreds of identical Ultra Buzz Lightyear 2000s. He sees one on display out of his box. This new Buzz is shinier, fancier, and has even more buttons than our Buzz.

Curious, our Buzz climbs up onto the display and sizes up the new Buzz. He's about to press one of the new Buzz's buttons when...

ULTRA BUZZ
Halt!

Ultra Buzz grabs our Buzz's index finger.

BUZZ
(recoils)
HO-YAAAHH!

ULTRA BUZZ
You're in direct violation of code zero section seven dash B, stating all space rangers are to be in hypersleep until awakened by authorized personnel.

Ultra Buzz points to the aisle of Buzzes in their boxes.

BUZZ
(realizes)
Oh, no...

ULTRA BUZZ
You're breaking ranks, Ranger. You could jeopardize the entire mission...

Our Buzz rolls his eyes. He mouths along as Ultra Buzz proudly speaks...

ULTRA BUZZ
Right now, poised at the edge of the galaxy, Emperor Zurg has been secretly building a weapon with the destructive capacity to annihilate an entire planet. I alone have information that reveals this weapon's only weakness.

Buzz stares at this Ultra Buzz, seeing his own reflection in Ultra Buzz's helmet. Ultra Buzz has the same deluded look in his eyes that our Buzz had when he first "landed" on Andy's bed.

For a moment, Buzz considers whether he should say anything...

BUZZ
Friend, let me share a little secret with you. Space Ranger, you're not a Space Ranger. You're a toy.

ULTRA BUZZ
Akkhh! You've been brainwashed by agents of Zurg!

BUZZ
(pops open his wings)
Our wings, they're plastic. And our "lasers"...

Buzz hits his laser. Ultra Buzz recoils, doing a triple handspring.

ULTRA BUZZ
Has your mind been melded?! You could have killed me, Space Ranger... or should I say "traitor."

Ultra Buzz puts his hand to his laser and points it menacingly at Buzz.

ULTRA BUZZ
(into wrist communicator)
Buzz Lightyear to Star Command, I've got an AWOL Space Ranger... Why don't they answer?

Buzz rolls his eyes, starts to walk away. Ultra Buzz is shocked that Buzz walks away from a laser.

ULTRA BUZZ
You're coming with me for court marshal!

Ultra Buzz lunges at Buzz from the back. They roll around on the floor.

They roll into the base of another display, jostling it. An Emperor Zurg box falls off the display, breaking open on the floor. An Emperor Zurg doll pulls itself out.

EMPEROR ZURG
(cartoony villain voice)
Curses! Crashed landed on a hostile planet!

Zurg turns and sees the Ultra Buzz. His eyes light up (literally).

EMPEROR ZURG
I've got you now, Lightyear.
Prepare to die!
(cheesy evil laugh)

Zurg pulls an "ion ball blaster" (actually an accessory filled with tiny nerf balls) from his box, attaches it to his back.

ULTRA BUZZ
(to Buzz)
Take cover! He's got a Zurgotronic
Ion Blaster!

Ultra Buzz pushes Buzz behind Zurg's box. Zurg begins shooting the nerf balls at Ultra Buzz.

As our Buzz watches, the Ultra Buzz leaps into an acrobatic frenzy, avoiding the balls with backflips, slides and high jumps. Buzz is impressed. Ultra Buzz sees our Buzz stepping out to help.

ULTRA BUZZ
Stay covered! You don't believe
you're a space ranger. How can you
fight with that attitude?!

Ultra Buzz fires his grappling hook onto a low shelf and swings over Zurg.

ULTRA BUZZ
You're powerless to stop me, Zurg!
A Space Ranger fears nothing!

Buzz smiles. He's inspired by the deluded Space Ranger's confidence!

BUZZ
Of course!
(beat)
Step aside, let a <u>real</u> hero handle
this!

Our Buzz confidently walks directly into Zurg's stream of nerf balls. He LAUGHS as Zurg's ion balls bounce harmlessly off his chest.

ULTRA BUZZ
What kind of superhuman are you?!

BUZZ
I'm not a human at all! I'm a toy! A cool toy!

Buzz walks cooly behind Zurg's back and pulls out his batteries. Zurg's "ion blaster" stops firing.

EMPEROR ZURG
Iieeee! My ion blaster's rendered useless!

Zurg backs away cowardly. Finally, he throws the ion blaster gun at Buzz, then runs off. Buzz smiles at the amazed Ultra Buzz.

ULTRA BUZZ
You've smitten Zurg with nothing but the sheer will to dominate! You are the Buzz Lightyear! You have a greater knowledge than I can ever comprehend.

Ultra Buzz and Buzz do the secret Space Ranger palm press. It's a moment of macho male bonding.

ULTRA BUZZ
I'm going to the Desert of Neptar to meditate. Perhaps someday I will gain the confidence you display, Space Ranger.

Ultra Buzz removes his accessory belt, hands it to our Buzz.

ULTRA BUZZ
I don't know what you did with your accessory belt, but... take mine. You're more deserving of this. Go in peace.

BUZZ
(to self)
Time to get Woody!... in the name of the Universe Protection Unit!

He bounds down the aisle, finally his old self. Behind him, we see Al walk by, carrying his duffle bag.

ON DUFFLE BAG

Rex, Potato Head, Hamm and Slinky are crammed inside. They see Buzz hasn't noticed them. Rex fires one of his suction cup darts at a large ball on the shelf.

ON BUZZ

The ball falls, getting Buzz's attention. Buzz sees Al, and then Rex peeking out from Al's bag.

Buzz bounds toward the bag, re-energized. As Al walks through the electronic door, Buzz takes a flying leap, catapults off the ball, and sails through the doors as they're closing. He lands perfectly in the bag with a little THUMP. Al looks around.

AL
Gotta get those doors fixed.

ANGLE INSIDE BAG

REX
(sotto)
Wow Buzz, what happened to you?

BUZZ
(starts, then reconsiders)
You don't want to know. Let's go get Woody!

CUT TO:

INT. AL'S APARTMENT - DISPLAY ROOM - MONTAGE TO MUSIC

A) Prospector and Cactus admire themselves in the display case's reflective surface. Woody rolls his eyes at them in disgust.

B) Senorita Cactus stacks Woody's pillows to form an easy chair for him. Woody considers for a moment, then sits down.

C) The Prospector and Cactus play golf with Woody, using Al's swizzle sticks as putters and an olive as a ball. Bullseye caddies, his feedbag full of "clubs." After Woody putts, the Prospector and Cactus applaud politely.

D) Woody walks by the same reflective surface. He notices his reflection and admires himself. He notices a tiny scuff on his chin and starts buffing himself.

E) The Prospector and Cactus are buffing themselves in the reflective surface. PAN OVER to Woody, who is buffing himself more intensely than the others, his face gleaming and super-shiny. Woody picks up a Q-tip, starts cleaning his eyes with it.

F) Bullseye pushes a game of checkers over to Woody, wanting to play. Woody dismisses him with a wave and turns around to play chess with the Prospector. Bullseye frowns, feelings hurt.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. AL'S CAR - LATER

We hear WIMPED OUT NEW AGE MUSIC playing on the radio. Al pathetically tries to whistle along.

TIGHTEN ON: The passenger seat. Al's bag is there.

INT. AL'S BAG - CONTINUOUS

Rex, Potato Head, Hamm, Slinky and Buzz are cramped inside Al's bag. It's a real tight squeeze. Rex looks panicked. He's hyperventilating, right in Buzz's face. Buzz's helmet is steamed up from Rex's breath.

BUZZ
Rex! You're fogging up my helmet!

REX
I can't help it. The walls of the bag are closing in!

ANGLE ON DUFFLE BAG

The zipper opens. Potato Head's eye pops up, held by his hand like a periscope.

POTATO HEAD'S POV THROUGH FISHEYE LENS

The car interior. PAN from the CD player, to the stick shift, to Al's wide-angle rear end as he squeezes out of the car door.

BUZZ
What can you make out?

POTATO HEAD
It's either the side of a hill... or Al's pants.

Al exits the car.

POTATO HEAD
Alright, boys, this is it. Any second now he'll grab us and take us <u>right</u> to Woody. No need to thank me now for my brilliant plan.

ANGLE ON Al as he gets out of the car. He doesn't grab the bag.

POTATO HEAD (O.S.)
Man, did 'ol Potato Head fool this sucker!

Al closes the door. The bag is still on the seat.

POTATO HEAD (O.S.)
Here we go.

Al walks away from the car to his high-rise building.

ON TOYS INSIDE BAG

Potato Head is still holding up his "periscope."

POTATO HEAD
Yep, any minute now.

HAMM
He's gone, isn't he.

POTATO HEAD
(defensive)
He'll be back!

ANGLE ON CAR SEAT

The bag heaves, then zips open. The toys pop out onto the seat.

TOYS' POV

A huge high-rise looms above them, at least twenty stories. Al enters the building's outdoor glass elevator. The door closes.

REX
He's going to his apartment.

SLINKY
Certainly is a small place.

HAMM
You idiot, that's the elevator!

The elevator races up toward the top floor.

BUZZ
Of course--a toynapper would have to live on the top floor--for protection.

Buzz pulls on the door handle, but it's locked. He starts running around the car, pushing buttons and pulling handles.

HAMM
What are you doing?

BUZZ
This vehicle has a complicated perimeter security system.
(hits power lock)
Ah!

Buzz flips the switch into UNLOCKED position.

BUZZ
Clever, Al. But not clever enough for Buzz Lightyear.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE AL'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Buzz opens the door, jumps to the curb. The other toys follow.

BUZZ
Blast. There's too many people using Al's vertical transporter. Hmm... Rex, do you still have that suction cup dart gun?

REX
Sure, but do you think you can blast Al from here? It doesn't have a sight.

Buzz grabs two suction cup darts. He scopes the building face.

BUZZ
Stay here while I get Woody and don't move 'till I return.

Buzz makes a dash across the curb to the base of the high-rise.

CUT TO:

INT. AL'S APARTMENT - DISPLAY ROOM - LATER

Woody and the Prospector are lounging on their pillows. Senorita Cactus gives Woody a backrub as Woody tells a story. Woody has adopted an "old boy" accent.

WOODY
So then he says, "How dare you open a spaceman's helmet? My eyeballs could've been sucked from their sockets!"

Woody and the Prospector lean in toward each other and give a clenched teeth LAUGH.

PROSPECTOR
What a ninny! Are all the toys back at your old room as positively buffoonish?!

WOODY
Oh dear me, yes. Frankly, it got so that I had to walk out on the roof just to escape their shenanigans. That's how I got here.

The Prospector and Senorita Cactus APPLAUD politely. Bullseye walks over.

BULLSEYE
They sound like regular toys to me.

Woody condescendingly puts his arm around Bullseye.

WOODY
They're just not like us.

BULLSEYE
But a few days ago you said...

WOODY
Don't be such a pill. Honestly, B.E., I believe it was you who said, "Accept it, you're a collectible." Well I have, and I'm loving every minute of it!

They hear Al's footsteps approaching the door.

WOODY
(snaps fingers)
People! Places, places!

The toys jump in place. Al pushes a portable wet bar into the room, followed by three chic, artsy-fartsy New York sophisticates, EMERSON, QUENTIN, and THEATRICA. They all wear black turtlenecks.

AL
So when I heard you were opening a Museum of Fifties Objects...

EMERSON
We prefer "M.O.F.O."

AL
...I said, "Finally, an institution worthy of my time and talents!"

Al puts his finger on wall switch.

AL
Ladies and gentlemen, prepare to have your silk socks knocked off.

Al flips the switch. We hear the disco version of ALSO SPRACHT ZARATHUSTRA booming over the speaker system. Al flicks another switch. The "Woody's Roundup" display lights up dramatically. More lights flick on, illuminating "Woody's Roundup" posters on the walls. When the smarmy New Yorkers see Woody, they nearly swoon.

EMERSON
Exquisite!

THEATRICA
Transplendant!

QUENTIN
Mommy...

AL
(self-absorbed)
An authentic Woody, with original real-string, non injection molded hat with hand-stitched band! If you use a loupe, you can see how they missed a stitch on the...

The New Yorkers blow past Al. When they see Woody, they fall to their knees.

QUENTIN
Pinch me! Have I died and gone to fifties heaven?!

EMERSON
Not I. At this moment, I feel more alive than I've ever been!

AL
Wait, there's more. Feast your ears on this!

Al pulls Woody's string.

WOODY'S VOICE BOX
There's a snake in my boots!

The New Yorkers CHUCKLE WRYLY.

EMERSON
Ah yes, a pithy reference to the cultural climate of Woody's 1950s America.

THEATRICA
The "boots" being postwar America threatened from within by the "snake" that was Kruschev's red menace.
(to Al)
Al, do you agree?

AL
I... don't wear boots.

They look at Al oddly.

CUTAWAY TO: EXT. SIDE OF AL'S APARTMENT BUILDING

SFX: SPLOOF... SPLOOF

Buzz is climbing the building using suction cups. Buzz pulls out each cup and SLAPS it an inch higher on the building. The WIND HOWLS as Buzz looks down, sees his feet dangling above tiny cars on the street.

BUZZ
It's true! They really do look like toys from up here.

Suddenly, the brick facing cracks and comes loose. Buzz plummets down the side of the building.

BUZZ
Aaaaa...

The ground is rushing up at Buzz. In desperation, Buzz slams both suction cups onto a passing window. Buzz slides down the window, clinging as the suction cups SCREECH on the pane of glass. The friction slows Buzz down, and he comes to a stop.

BUZZ
Now I know how a real space ranger feels.
(to sky)
To infinity, and...

PIGEON (O.S.)
(coos)

CAMERA TILTS UP AWAY FROM BUZZ. We hear an O.S. SPLAT as something hits Buzz's helmet. Buzz climbs up into frame with a glop of white stuff on his helmet.

BUZZ
Steady, Ranger. No matter how bad it gets, remember poor Woody's got it ten times worse.

BACK TO: INT. AL'S APARTMENT - DISPLAY ROOM

Quentin fawns over Woody, stroking his head with white gloves. Al is still schmoozing the New Yorkers.

QUENTIN
We must have this for the museum! But... how does one even begin to put a price on this masterpiece?

AL
One... looks in the price guide.

A greasy smile spreads over Al's face. Quentin examines Woody.

QUENTIN
Whatever your price, we're willing to pay top dollar...
(sees boot, gasps)
Graffiti! Graffiti!
(squeals)
Someone's defaced Woody!

EMERSON
The name of the demon is... Andy.

THEATRICA
When will parents teach their children a toy is not something to be played with?

The New Yorkers start to walk out. Al panics.

AL
I'll knock off fifteen percent!

Quentin spins around, wearing a satisfied grin.

QUENTIN
You drive a hard bargain...

Quentin holds out his wimpy hand. Al gives him a gusto handshake, visibly hurting Quentin.

THEATRICA
First let's call the airline to get a ticket for the display. We'll make "Woody's Roundup" the museum centerpiece. It'll be bigger than King Tut!

AL
Hope so. I never even heard of that toy.

Al and the New Yorkers exit to the front room. The Prospector, Senorita Cactus start dancing. Woody looks at the word "Andy" written on his boot, and tries to rub it off.

PROSPECTOR/SRTA. CACTUS
(chanting)
We're going to New York...

TILT UP TO SKYLIGHT OVERHEAD

Buzz's head peers down from the skylight.

EXT. AL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Buzz runs his hands around the perimeter of the skylight.

BUZZ
Hmm... some form of synthetic glass.

Buzz looks around the roof, sees an old tin can with opened lid.

BUZZ
Ah.

Buzz grabs the can, carefully cuts a small hole in the plexiglass. Buzz removes it, then pulls out his grappling hook and fastens it onto the lip of the skylight. Buzz starts to lower himself down into Al's apartment.

INT. AL'S APARTMENT - DISPLAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Woody and Senorita Cactus are still dancing. Woody dances to the hi-fi and stops the music.

WOODY
Well old sports, we're off to Gotham and guess who's the reason? Moi!
(smarmy laugh)
Anywho... I just want you guys to know that I love ya. And I mean that.

The Prospector and Senorita Cactus APPLAUD.

BULLSEYE
(frustrated, under breath)
Sheeze, how collectible can you get?!

As Woody blabbers on, none of the collectible toys see what's coming down from above. It's Buzz, lowering himself from the skylight using his retractable string and grappling hook.

WOODY
If Andy's toys could see me now, they wouldn't even recognize me. Why if Buzz were here, you know what he'd say?
(mimics Buzz)
"Congratulations, Woody. It's been an honor serving you."...

Woody chuckles and turns to his side. Buzz is standing right there, smiling at him.

WOODY
(to Buzz)
Isn't that right, Buzz?...
(a beat)
BUZZ!!!

BUZZ
Woody!

They embrace. Woody gets some bird doo on his cheek. He doesn't wipe it off.

Bullseye's jaw drops. He stares in amazement, blinks his eyes to double check.

BULLSEYE
(in shock)
He came? He actually came.

WOODY
How did you... when did you...

BUZZ
Al brought me here!

WOODY
Really? <u>You're</u> a collectible too?

SRTA. CACTUS
(re: Buzz)
Ahem. What, pray tell, is <u>that</u>?!

WOODY
Oh right, where are my manners?! I haven't even introduced you to "the family."

BUZZ
Family?

WOODY
Sure, these are all part of my roundup! That's Bullseye, and this is Senorita Cactus and the Prospector.

Buzz holds out his hand. The Prospector looks at Buzz's filthy hand. He does not shake it.

PROSPECTOR
(condescending)
Charmed.

SRTA. CACTUS
(luke-warm)
You must be Buzz Lightweight. One of Woodrow's friends from the 'burbs.

PROSPECTOR
How cute. A battery-operated plastic robot.

BUZZ
I believe you mean a self-powered poseable Space Ranger action figure. Watch.

Buzz hits his voice activation button.

BUZZ'S VOICEBOX
Buzz Lightyear to the Rescue!

SRTA. CACTUS
Why, how... mildly amusing! So tell me, boy, how much are <u>you</u> worth?

BUZZ
Worth? I don't follow you...

The Prospector and Senorita Cactus LAUGH heartily. Woody looks embarrassed.

PROSPECTOR
(under breath, to Cactus)
Check the price guide.
(to Buzz)
Stand back, boy. You're getting bird roughage on Woodrow.

Woody looks uncomfortable. He quickly buffs the dirty spot on his cheek.

BUZZ
Woody, I've come to...

As Buzz gestures out the window, he accidentally flings a little dirt on Senorita Cactus.

WOODY
(sotto)
Buzz, you're making a spectacle.

Senorita Cactus looks up from the price guide.

SRTA. CACTUS
He isn't even IN the price guide! Who is this imposter?!

BUZZ
I told you, I'm Woody's best friend.

WOODY
(nervous, backpedals)
Well actually... We just sort of "worked together."

BUZZ
Of course you're my best friend. We've been through so much! Remember Pizza Planet?!

PROSPECTOR
Pizza Planet? Sounds like a four star establishment.
(he and Cactus laugh)

BUZZ
If I didn't know better, I'd say you're ridiculing me.

PROSPECTOR
That's okay, Mister Lightfinger, I'm sure you don't know better!
(laughs)

BUZZ
You are the strangest toys I've ever seen.
(proudly to Woody)
Woody, I come to liberate you from the clutches of...

WOODY
(condescending)
Buzz, Buzz, Buzz... you really should've called first.

Bullseye is shocked. His head goes back and forth as he watches the following conversation.

BUZZ
What are you talking about?

WOODY
Look around, who would want to leave all this?

BUZZ
All this junk? Come on, let's go home.

WOODY
I am home! I've grown up. I'm a collector's item now. I've graduated to a whole new plane of existence!

Buzz is speechless.

BULLSEYE
I can't believe this! Buzz risked everything and you're turning your back on him? Woody, what's happened to you?

WOODY
What's happened to me? It was a wise old horse who said, "Concentrate on what you have and forget the past." Well, guess what? I'm taking your advice!

BULLSEYE
You've changed. I liked the old Woody better.

BUZZ
Enough! Woody, I'm taking you back to Andy's.

WOODY
Oh sure! And while you're at it, why not use the Hope Diamond for a game of marbles?! Why not write your shopping list on the Mona Lisa?! Why not install track lighting on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel?! I mean, think of the thousands of people who'll miss out on seeing "Woody's Roundup" together again! Think of the loss to world culture! For once in your life, Buzz, think of something other than yourself!

BUZZ
YOU... ARE... A... TOY! You're not a piece of art! You're a child's plaything!

WOODY
I am a "plush voice-activated collectible."

BUZZ
You're a complete lunatic! I am rescuing you from this strange alternate universe, and there is not a thing you can do about it!

Woody pushes the "retract" button on Buzz's grappling device and Buzz goes shooting back up toward the skylight.

WOODY
Have a nice trip, spaceman.

Just then we hear a SQUEAL OF GLEE from the front room. Al runs in, holding a check. He kisses it and pours himself a cocktail.

ABOVE Buzz hears a SNAP from inside his grappling hook device. It's broken; Buzz panics as he falls straight for Al's head. Buzz frantically BANGS on the broken grappling device. He gives up and tries to stop his fall by grabbing the rope. Buzz rope-burns his hands but manages to stop the fall--an inch above Al's head.

BELOW Al holds his cocktail up, gazes at Woody and raises a toast.

AL
A toast! To the one who made it all possible... Me!

Al tosses back his drink, then picks up Bullseye, The Prospector and Senorita Cactus.

AL
(eyeing each toy)
Now which one of you shall I pack first? My new Maserati? My condo in the Hamptons? Or my trip to Bora Bora?

Al grabs a cocktail napkin and wipes his sweaty bald pate. Buzz INHALES as Al's pudgy fingers barely miss him.

Then Al grabs a packing box and packs Bullseye inside. Emerson's voice comes from the living room.

EMERSON (O.S.)
Al, babe. You can finish that later. What say we celebrate over a bite?

Al heads to the door. Buzz breathes a sigh of relief.

EMERSON (O.S.)
I was thinking of that adorable little sashimi place around the corner.

AL
Oh. Of course. I'm normally not big on italian food, but whatevah!

Al exits the display room. The collectible toys spring to life. Woody doesn't notice that Buzz is still in the room.

WOODY
What a goof! Guess ol' Woody finally got the best of ol' Plastic Slacks.

Woody is interrupted by the high-pitched WHIR of a spool unraveling. Woody looks up.

WOODY'S POV LOOKING DIRECTLY OVERHEAD

Buzz is racing down at him, the retractor string unraveling at high speed.

BUZZ
Aaahhhhhh!

WOODY
Aaahhhhhh!

WHAM! Buzz crashes right down on Woody and tackles him. Woody and Buzz roll around on the display pillows, each trying to pin the other one down.

BUZZ
Sorry cowboy. Someone's got to save you from this weird toy cult.

Woody runs away. TRACK WITH WOODY as he suddenly jerks. His legs are spinning, but he's actually moving slowly backwards. Woody looks behind himself in horror.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Buzz is holding the ring on the end of Woody's pullstring. The pullstring is maxed out. As it slowly retracts, Woody is pulled backwards toward Buzz.

WOODY'S VOICE BOX
(slowed down)
There's--there's a sn-sn-snake in my...
(record scratch)
...favorite deputy!

Buzz holds onto the string with one hand, and spins Woody with the other, tying Woody up by his own pullstring.

WOODY
Help! Al!!

Buzz removes Woody's bandanna and gags Woody with it. He drags Woody to his waiting retractable string. He climbs to the skylight, hauling the squirming Woody with him. Once he's safely out of reach, the Prospector speaks up.

PROSPECTOR
Cad! Don't make me get my dander up, or I'll...

BUZZ
Or you'll what?

PROSPECTOR
Or I'll have the cactus rough you up!

EXT. AL'S APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Buzz drags Woody across the roof. Woody is kicking and screaming through his bandanna gag. He drags Woody to the edge where he left his suction cups.

BUZZ
Woody, what has gotten into you?

He hoists Woody onto his shoulder and leans over the edge of the roof. Woody sees this; his eyes go wide. He flails about and shouts...

WOODY
(panicking through gag)
Wuuhh mmmph uzz follywof...

BUZZ
You expect me to believe that? What could you possibly see in those demented toys?

Buzz steps out onto the suction cup, holding Woody on his back. Woody sees the tiny cars on the street below, panics more.

WOODY
(hysterical)
Frakcen uulp thwoopa fumff!

BUZZ
I don't buy it! Those collectibles don't care about you! As soon as your blue book value drops, they'll drop you.

Buzz puts his other foot on the other suction cup. The cup comes loose and falls off the side of the building. Buzz scrambles back onto the roof. He and Woody stand face to face on the roof.

BUZZ
Blast! Al wouldn't have a suction cup collection in there, would he?

Woody is silent. Buzz undoes Woody's gag.

WOODY
Help!!!

BUZZ
I'll take that as a "no." That's alright, we'll find another way to get home to Andy.

WOODY
Andy? So he can toss me out, like Bullseye's kid? Collectibles never get thrown away!

BUZZ
That's enough! You see this?

Buzz grabs Woody's boot and shows him the name "Andy."

BUZZ
This is a badge of honor! That name on your boot means a kid loves you. That's not something you can erase.

Woody looks at his boot with guilt. "Andy" is faint but still there.

Just then the Prospector and Senorita Cactus emerge from the skylight, huffing and puffing up Buzz's string.

PROSPECTOR
See here, you battery-operated bourgeois bauble, that's my property!

Woody incredulously mouths the word "property?"

SRTA. CACTUS
Untie him, you ruffian. Al's coming home soon.

BUZZ
(to Woody)
Is that what you want?
(Woody says nothing)
Very well, I'm terminating this conversation. Go, be valuable.

Buzz unties Woody. Woody hesitates. He doesn't know what to do.

PROSPECTOR
Ta ta, Flash Gordon.

Woody starts to slink toward the skylight. As Woody scratches his head in confusion, his hat falls off. The wind picks it up, swirling it around in the air.

SRTA. CACTUS
(shrieks)
Your mint condition hand-laced hat! Catch it!

Woody leaps for the hat, but it flies over the side of the building and lands precariously on the tip of a horizontal flagpole. The hat is dangling twenty stories above the street.

WOODY
Oh great!
(smiles at Buzz insincerely)
Buzz, we both know I can't risk scuffing myself. Be a chum and fetch my hat.

BUZZ
A Space Ranger doesn't "fetch." If being a museum piece is so important, ask one of your friends to help you.

Woody turns to the Prospector.

PROSPECTOR
Surely you jest. I'd ruin my finish. Woody, how could you be so <u>selfish?!</u>

Woody considers, then climbs out on the rickety flagpole. He inches his way toward the hat, hanging high above the street. Just as Woody is about to grab it, the hat blows off. Woody lunges for it but misses, and loses his balance.

PROSPECTOR
Noooo!
(beat)
The hat!

Woody grabs the end of the flagpole with one hand and is left hanging over the street. He doesn't have the hat.

WOODY
Help...

PROSPECTOR
Risk scuffing my sheen for a mere 'Hatless Woody'?! Well, I never!

SRTA. CACTUS
Might as well just let go! You're worthless now. Worthless!

PROSPECTOR
Never liked you anyway. You have an attitude problem!

Woody looks at them in shock. His hand slips off the pole.

WOODY
Buzz! Buzzzzz!!!

Woody falls. Buzz springs into action, jumping out onto the flagpole and flipping like he did in Al's Toy Barn. He leaps out to the end of the pole, grabs Woody and brings him safely to the roof.

PROSPECTOR
Hmph. Shouldn't have bothered.

WOODY
Oh, really?

As Woody steps up to the roof, we see the hat is caught on one of his spurs. Woody triumphantly puts the hat back on. Woody smiles.

PROSPECTOR
(suddenly friendly)
Woodrow, old bean, thank heaven you're okay!

WOODY
Out of my way, you dusty old relics. You're the most worthless valuables I've ever met.

PROSPECTOR
Come back here! You're a collectible!

WOODY
Yeah, right. What am I, Buzz?

BUZZ
You are a toy!

PROSPECTOR
How nauseating.

WOODY
Come on, Buzz, let's go back to Andy's.

WOODY
So long suckers!
(looks at skylight)
So long Bullseye!
(stops, considers)
Bullseye!

BUZZ
What about Bullseye?

WOODY
We can't leave yet, Buzz. There's something I have to do first.

CUT TO:

EXT. AL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Potato Head, Hamm, Rex and Slinky are still hiding in the hedge.

REX
I wonder how Buzz is doing.

Just then Buzz's suction cup comes plummeting down. It lands on Potato's Head.

HAMM
My official guess: not good.

DING. The elevator opens, we see Al and the New Yorkers walk out of the elevator.

AL
Of course I can deliver the display tonight, Theatrica. I'm a "can do" guy!

HAMM
It's the toynapper! And his henchmen!

REX
How do you know they're henchmen?

HAMM
Obvious. Black turtlenecks.

Al and the New Yorkers exit.

POTATO HEAD
That's it. We'll have to take that elevator. It's the only way we can save Buzz.

The toys see no one is around. They make a mad dash into the elevator. They stand inside, waiting for something to happen.

REX
I think it's broken.

SLINKY
Maybe the batteries ran out.

HAMM
You gotta push a button!

The toys stack on top of each other. Rex ends up on top, but can't quite reach.

REX
I need a hand.

Mr. Potato Head removes his left arm and hands it up the stack to Rex. Now Rex has an arm extension. Using Potato Head's arm, Rex pushes all the buttons, and the elevator starts rising.

ANDY'S TOYS
Yay!

The toys topple over.

CUT TO:

INT. AL'S APARTMENT - DISPLAY ROOM - LATER

Buzz is lowering Woody on his grappling hook string into Al's dark display room.

Woody runs past Al's cocktail cart to Bullseye's packing box and opens the foam packing. Bullseye's surprised to see him.

BULLSEYE
W-Woody! What the heck you doin'?

WOODY
Escape number four hundred and twenty one! Come on, Bulls.

Woody takes Bullseye over to Buzz's waiting rope and attaches Bullseye securely to the hook. Woody motions for Buzz to pull them both up, quick.

We hear Al's KEY UNLOCKING the front room door.

Buzz starts to haul them up. Woody breathes a SIGH of relief. Suddenly the display room's heating grate SHAKES, BENDS, then FALLS OFF.

POTATO HEAD
(echoing through air vent)
What's going on up there? I can't see in the dark...

Suddenly Hamm, Rex, Slinky, then Potato Head, spill out of the air duct onto the floor.

WOODY
(delighted)
Guys! Guys!
(beat)
How did you...

POTATO HEAD
Found an open heating vent in the hallway. Clever, huh?

SLINKY
We're here to rescue you!

WOODY
You came all the way here for ME?!

We hear the front room door SLAM. Al's footsteps approach.

WOODY
(frantic)
Great! Now let's go! Move it people! Don't have all day...

Woody motions them over to the grappling hook.

SLINKY
What's the matter? Ain't you happy to see us?

WOODY
(frenzied)
Can't explain! Gotta go! Climb on this line!

We hear a key UNLOCKING the display room's deadbolt.

REX
Woody! For Pete's sake, show some gratitude!

WOODY
(losing it)
Get on the line!

The toys grab the line. Above them, Buzz STRAINS with all his might to haul Hamm, Rex, Potato Head, Slinky, Woody and Bullseye up to the skylight. Buzz can barely move it.

Just then the Prospector and Cactus jump down from the skylight, landing on their pillows. The Prospector and Cactus grab onto Woody's boots, trying to pull the group down.

PROSPECTOR
No! That's our horsey! We brainwah... er, befriended him fair and square!

Woody looks up and sees all this weight is too much for poor Buzz to bear. The rope is slipping down.

The knob to the display room door begins to turn.

Thinking fast, Woody reaches to Al's cocktail cart and grabs a plastic drink sword with a maraschino cherry on it. He swings at the Prospector. The Prospector grabs a drink sword with an olive stuck on it, and the two duel.

BUZZ
I can't hold it much longer!

Buzz is losing his grip. The toys are sliding back down. Woody furrows his brow, lets go of the rope, and falls on his pillow.

WOODY
(falling)
Goodbye Bullllls!

Bullseye looks down, touched by Woody's show of sacrifice.

BULLSEYE
I'm not leaving without you, Woody.

Bullseye lets go, falls. The display room door opens, Al's hand reaches in, fumbling for the light switch. Bullseye returns to his box as the Prospector and Cactus jump and resume positions.

Buzz's load is suddenly lighter. In one fell swoop, Buzz pulls Andy's toys up through the skylight and onto the roof, where they land in a heap.

Al enters, ambles to the display, dyspeptic stomach RUMBLING.

AL
Raw fish indeed! We'll see how that maitre 'd reacts when he hears from my lawyer!
(sees collectibles, brightens)
Ah! Time to go to New York, my little golden nuggets.

Al begins packing the collectibles in their boxes.

EXT. AL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Buzz and the others watch Al through the skylight.

BUZZ
Blast! He's taking them to those museum people. We have to get back down to his car... somehow.

Buzz looks across the roof, gets an idea.

BUZZ
Follow me.

They follow Buzz to the building's ledge. They look down, see the sheer drop and the glass elevator several stories below. Directly below them is a swimming pool.

BUZZ
There's no other choice. We'll have to jump for it--

ALL OTHER TOYS
What?!

HAMM
Did someone cut off the oxygen in that helmet?

REX
Buzz, you know I'm afraid of heights! And this is <u>ten</u> times higher than Andy's bed!

POTATO HEAD
No way, Lightyear! I jump off of that and I'll be one mashed potato!

BUZZ
(authoritarian)
I know what I'm doing! We jump on the count of three!

SLINKY
The ol' Space Ranger's back.

BUZZ
One.. two...

Buzz pushes Rex off the side of the ledge. Buzz, Slinky, Hamm and Potato Head follow.

REX
Aaaaa!

After a brief fall, the toys land. Rex opens his eyes.

REX
Hey! That wasn't so bad.

Rex opens his eyes, sees that instead of being on the ground, they're still several stories up.

REX
Aaaaa!

BUZZ
Shh!

Buzz covers Rex's mouth. Buzz points downward. The toys have jumped down to the top of the glass elevator, just as Al is getting in. Al holds his packed up display boxes, listening to the HERB ALPERT MUZAK.

POTATO HEAD
Heh heh. Knew it all the time.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE AL'S BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The elevator stops and Al gets out. Al waddles to his car, starts putting the display boxes in the trunk.

Buzz and the other toys hop from the top of the elevator into a hedge. A moment later they peer out from the bottom of the hedge.

Al gets in his car, starts the engine. As Al's car revs up, Andy's toys dash for it. Buzz jumps on the bumper and pulls the others up one by one. Rex is the last one; he chases the car as it pulls away. Rex holds out his puny arms.

BUZZ
Extend your arms!

REX
These are my arms!

Buzz pulls Rex onto the bumper as Al's car slowly taxis out of the driveway. Rex looks down, sees the pavement is moving faster.

The toys BANG on the trunk.

INT. AL'S CAR - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

Woody's box jostles, bounces. Woody hears the BANGING. A hand bursts out of Woody's box, starts undoing the wrapping.

EXT. AL'S CAR - REAR BUMPER - CONTINUOUS

The trunk pops open, revealing Woody.

WOODY
I had a feeling it was you. C'mon!

He motions for the toys to climb into the trunk. They do.

INT. AL'S CAR - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

WOODY
Come to see us off at the airport?

BUZZ
We won't let you get there. We're going to stop this car.

Woody takes off his hat to scratch his head.

WOODY
How can a toy stop a two ton car?

Woody looks at hat, gets inspired.

WOODY
Buzz, grab my feet.

Buzz doesn't understand, but holds Woody's feet and lowers Woody, head first, down to the tailpipe.

ANDY'S TOYS
(ad lib)
What's he doing? He's got a death wish. Etc...

Woody's head is just a few inches above the rushing concrete. He tries to shove his hat into Al's tailpipe. As the car swerves, Woody swings back and forth, missing the tailpipe a few times.

The car hits a bump. Buzz drops Woody.

WOODY
Whoooaa!

Woody falls, grabs onto the tailpipe. His feet are dangling less than an inch above the speeding concrete.

WOODY'S POV - LOOKING AHEAD FROM UNDER CAR

An old muffler on the road approaches rapidly. Woody pulls his legs up just as WHOOSH! the muffler flies by underneath.

Woody holds on to the tailpipe with one hand. With the other, he removes his hat.

WOODY
Collect this, Al!

Woody crams his hat into the tailpipe.

INT. AL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Al is driving. Suddenly, the car's engine begins to sputter.

AL
Oh no, not now. Not today!

EXT. DINOCO GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Al's car lurches into the gas station. Al gets out, closes the door. He hurries to the front and checks under the hood.

Meanwhile, Woody hops down from the tailpipe. He removes his charred, blackened hat from the pipe, puts it back on. He hops back up to the trunk. When he gets there, he's surprised to see Andy's toys are gone.

INT. AL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The armrest on Al's back seat is slowly slid out, opening a hole from the trunk to the back seat. Buzz, Rex, Potato Head, Hamm, and Slinky slip quietly into the interior of Al's car.

EXT. DINOCO GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Al finishes futzing under the hood. He shrugs his shoulders and SLAMS the hood angrily.

Al hurries to his door. As he reaches out to pull the handle, we hear a CLINK of the electronic door lock. Al pulls the handle. It's locked. Al tugs frantically on the door. He can't see what's inside because of the tinted windows.

INT. AL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Andy's toys see Al yanking in vain on the door handle. They CHEER.

BUZZ
Let's hear it for Al's peripheral security system!

Just then Al reaches down below the car door. He emerges holding a hide-a-key box. He opens the box and removes a spare key.

HAMM
This guy's got everything!

BUZZ
Alright everybody, listen up. Rex, get up on the dashboard, Hamm, go into the wheel well, Slinky, you stay on the seat...

The toys move into position as...

EXT. DINOCO GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Al is about to shove the spare key into the lock. The engine STARTS UP. Al scratches his head in bewilderment.

The car JERKS forward, then stops. Then it JERKS again.

AL
Wha...?

INT. AL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Buzz stands on the front seat. Hamm is down by the pedals, leaning against the accelerator.

HAMM
How do you work this?

BUZZ
It's like the video game. Fire thrusters! Full throttle!

Hamm belly flops on the accelerator pedal.

EXT. DINOCO GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Al approaches the car again. Suddenly the car PEELS OUT. Smoke shoots from the tires.

Al SQUEALS in horror.

AL
My car! My collection!

He throws a tantrum, stamping his feet on the pavement.

AL
No, no, no!

INT. AL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Total panic as the toys attempt to drive Al's car. Hamm leans on the accelerator pedal, Rex stands on the dashboard, fumbling with a road map. Buzz holds the left side of the steering wheel while Slinky holds the right. Potato Head is running around the car, pushing buttons wily nily. The CAR ALARM is going off. The wipers are on full blast. The left turn signal is flashing.

Through the windshield, we see the car is swerving back and forth as it races down the street.

REX
Make a right! No, a... I mean, go that way!
(points left)

Buzz pulls the left side of the steering wheel. Slinky's front end is stretched out to the top of the wheel.

The car swerves to the left. Hamm is rolling around in the wheel well.

HAMM
I can't control it!

BUZZ
Of course you can. It's just like driving RC!

HAMM
Then where's the remote control?!

CAR COMPUTER VOICE
Your lights are on!

REX
Aahhh! It's on to us!

EXT. DINOCO GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

AL
Car thieves! Car thieves!

Al looks around the station, sees a Pizza Planet truck refueling. Al rushes over to the Pizza Planet truck, jumps in and PEELS the truck out.

INT. AL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The car is swerving through traffic. Horns HONK.

BUZZ
Good job, everyone! Maintain your positions! Hamm, stay with the thrusters. Slinky, steady course. Rex, mind that navigation...

POTATO HEAD
Hey, what am I, chopped home fries?

BUZZ
Potato Head, you find a good radio station.

POTATO HEAD
Hey, how come I get all the hard jobs?!

HAMM
Does anybody know where we're going?

REX
(reads map)
We should be approaching a big arrow with a giant N above it.

HAMM
You idiot, that's the thing that tells you which way is north. Where are we now?

REX
I can't tell if we're in the yellow county or the pink county!
(looks out window)
It all looks dark to me!

INT. AL'S CAR - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

Woody opens the car trunk an inch, peers out. He sees the Pizza Planet truck approaching. A closer look reveals that Al is at the wheel.

WOODY
Al! Aww, now what!

Woody looks around the trunk, then smiles as he gets an idea. He rips open the "Woody's Roundup" paraphernalia box.

INT. PIZZA PLANET TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Al is driving frantically. He looks down, sees a pizza box, grabs a slice.

AL
Common car thieves... People who steal stuff should be strung up and... What, no cokes?!

Al zooms up right behind his car. Suddenly the trunk opens and a "Woody's Roundup" board game box flies out. Al SCREAMS as the box breaks open and game pieces, cards and dice fly directly into his windshield, scattering in every direction with a CRASH.

AL
Noooo! Not the limited edition Woody's Roundup Board Game!

Next, a rack with paint tubes flies out of the trunk. It SMASHES onto Al's windshield, smearing streaks of paint.

AL
Aagghh! The mint condition "Woody's Roundup" paint set with original box!

Finally a vinyl LP rolls out of the open trunk, flipping in the wind and SHATTERING on Al's windshield.

AL
(whimpers)
No! Not "The Four Woodys Sing Cha Cha!"

INT. AL'S CAR - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

Woody LAUGHS as he sees the Pizza Planet truck falling far behind.

WOODY
Sorry Al! You can't have me, but you can still have your Woody pez dispensers!

Woody tosses some Woody-shaped pez dispensers out of the trunk. He's not watching the Prospector's and Senorita Cactus' boxes behind him.

Senorita Cactus rips a hole in her box, struggles wearily to get out. She punches a hole in the Prospector's box, and he squeezes out of his box. He's panting, out of breath.

PROSPECTOR
What a workout. I'm simply exhausted!

Prospector wipes pats beads of sweat off his forehead. Then he sees Woody throwing the merchandise out the trunk.

PROSPECTOR
You!! What on earth are you doing?

WOODY
Giving Al his junk back.
(gestures to Pizza truck, then he stops and thinks)
Wait a minute... If Al is back there... then who's driving the...

BUZZ (O.S.)
(from car interior)
To infinity and beyond!

WOODY
Oh--this I gotta see!

Woody, the Prospector and Senorita Cactus rush through the armrest hole into the car interior.

INT. AL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Woody, Prospector and Senorita Cactus climb into the front seat. Woody is shocked to see Andy's toys maneuvering the car.

WOODY
Wow! Guys, I know you're going stir crazy, but isn't this a little extreme?

PROSPECTOR
Why you... upstarts! You curs!

SRTA. CACTUS
I'll get 'em.

The Cactus raids the glove compartment and emerges brandishing a metal tire pressure gauge. She starts after Andy's toys menacingly. Potato Head grabs a Barry Manilow CD from Al's collection and holds it up like a shield.

POTATO HEAD
Think again, Senorita Stinkweed.

WHACK! WHACK! She swings the tire pressure gauge at Potato Head, bashing his "shield."

POTATO HEAD
Hah! Missed me, you jojoba-stuffed pincushion!

Senorita Cactus swings from the other direction, clipping Potato Head on the nose. His nose goes flying, lands in the car ashtray. His nose sneezes, sending ashes flying.

WOODY
Crawl back to your boxes, you've already lost. You want to know why? Because...

Woody puts on his hat. It's a charred mess.

WOODY
(proudly)
I am worthless!

Andy's toys APPLAUD. The Prospector and Cactus GASP.

PROSPECTOR
You... you...

WOODY
...toy? That's right.

Just then...

REX
Toll booth!

All the toys look up. The car is racing towards a toll booth. Beyond the toll booth is a large bridge.

SLINKY
What do we do now?!

EXT. TOLLBOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

From the TOLL TAKER'S viewpoint we see the car coast up. The window rolls down. The toll taker looks in; there are no humans in the car, just lifeless toys. But the dinosaur is leaning out the window with a dollar bill between its teeth. The toll taker grabs the dollar, and the window rolls up. The car drives away.

INT. AL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The toys spring back to life as the car pulls out onto a large, overhead-girder bridge.

WOODY
(laughing)
Pretty good. That gives him something to tell his grandkids.

BUZZ
Woody, look out!

Woody turns around, sees the Prospector approaching Woody, holding the car's cigarette lighter. It SIZZLES red hot.

PROSPECTOR
Care for a light? In your face?!

SRTA. CACTUS
When we're done, all of you will look like your hat! No kid'll ever play with you again!

Buzz pulls the steering wheel hard. The car swerves violently, SCRAPING the bridge railing. All the toys are thrown to one side of the car. Woody gets up first, runs away from the Prospector and Cactus.

Woody grabs a hold of the fuzzy dice hanging from Al's rear view mirror and climbs them to the mirror. He looks back, sees the Prospector and Cactus hot on his trail. He hoists himself up to the open moonroof.

EXT. AL'S CAR - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Woody crawls up from the moonroof and looks around for a moment. Wind is rushing by. The bridge girders whip overhead.

The Prospector and Cactus pop up and crawl after Woody, still holding the cigarette lighter.

PROSPECTOR
Foolish Woodrow. You had it all, but you threw it away!

SRTA. CACTUS
Your stupid spaceman had to show up and ruin everything!

PROSPECTOR
Cactus, brand this cowboy!

They look at the cigarette lighter. It's cold. Senorita Cactus rolls the lighter at Woody, knocking him off his knees. Before Woody can right himself, the Prospector and Cactus charge at him. They grab Woody by the boots, and all three toys wrestle around on the roof of the car.

PROSPECTOR
This will undoubtedly scuff me, but it'll be worth it!

The Prospector headbutts Woody. The Prospector and Cactus grab Woody by all fours.

PROSPECTOR
(to Cactus)
Toss him off the bridge.

Just then from behind...

BULLSEYE (O.S.)
Hold it fellahs. Can't I play too?

They turn around, see Bullseye clumsily climbing up from the trunk. In b.g. we see the bridge ending; they're back on land again. In the distance, the Pizza Planet truck appears, gaining on them fast.

PROSPECTOR
Bullseye, get back in your box!

SRTA. CACTUS
Yeah, what are you doing up here?!

BULLSEYE
Something I should have done a long time ago!

Bullseye wheels around, lifts his haunches, and with a WHINNY buck-kicks the Prospector and Cactus right off of the car. They go flying through the air.

PROSPECTOR/CACTUS
Ieeee!

EXT. PIZZA PLANET TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Al is racing in the Pizza Planet truck, gaining on his car. Suddenly he sees two objects fly through the air, then bounce around in the road ahead. Al squints his eyes.

ZOOM IN

It's his beloved Prospector and Cactus dolls.

AL
Oooaaagh!

Al slams on the brakes. The truck SKIDS to a stop just inches short of the collectible toys. Al jumps out of the truck.

Before he gets there, two BOYS on bicycles ride up and pick up the toys.

BOY #1
Whoa! Look at these lame toys.

BOY #2
This one's got a horseshoe-shaped mark on its butt.

Al waddles up, dripping with sweat. He grabs the toys out of their hands.

AL
Give me that! Those are MY toys!

BOY #1
Finders keepers, fatso!

The boys grab the toys back and a tug of war ensues.

AL
Those are mine! Mine! Mine!

The kids wrestle the toys out of Al's hands. They hurry to their bikes as Al throws a TEMPER TANTRUM.

AL
My toys! My toys!

BOY #2
Sheeze, what kinda old goober still plays with toys?!

They ride off on their bikes while Al continues his hissy fit.

AL
(shouts)
Toynappers! Toynappers!
(to sky)
I HATE KIDS!

EXT. AL'S CAR - ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Woody and Bullseye watch Al's tantrum from the roof of the car.

WOODY
Way to go, Bullsie!

BUZZ
We finally busted out, partner!

Woody looks ahead, sees they're careening down a familiar street.

WOODY
Andy's street! Way to go, guys!

INT. AL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Woody jumps down through the moonroof onto the front seat, followed by Bullseye. Woody sees Buzz at the wheel.

WOODY
Alright, Buzz! Pull over by Andy's house on the right.

BUZZ
Woody, I know what I'm doing. Andy's house is on the left.

WOODY
Right!

BUZZ
Left!

Buzz and Woody tug on the wheel, swerving the car around in the street. They let go of the wheel and get into a slap fight, although they're smiling, delighted to be competitive friends once again.

SLINKY
Guys, which one is it?

BUZZ/WOODY
(both point to house they're currently passing)
This one!!!

SLINKY
How do we stop this thing?!

Rex looks at the gearshift, reads out loud.

REX
P--pass. D--depart N--nothing.
R--return!

Rex throws it into reverse.

EXT. ANDY'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

CRUNCH! The reverse kicks in big time, trashing the car. The transmission flies out, clanging in the street. All four tires blow out. The side door bends open. The car screeches down the street, spinning around and fishtailing.

INT. AL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

All the toys are spun around on the car seat.

ALL TOYS
Aaaahh!

EXT. ANDY'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

The car skids to a stop against the curb in front of Andy's house. The car alarm is going off. Steam shoots from the hood of the trashed car.

INT. AL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

CAR COMPUTER VOICE
Your door is ajar.

The toys land in a heap in the back seat. They sheepishly look around.

BUZZ
Perfect landing.

Woody looks out of the window, sees Andy's house.

WOODY
Andy's!

EXT. ANDY'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Woody and Buzz help the toys out of the smoldering car. The toys make a run for Andy's. Woody and Bullseye lag behind, looking at Andy's house.

WOODY
Hello, you beautiful house! Bullseye, you're gonna love it here...

Slinky looks up to see Mrs. Davis' minivan approaching from way down the street.

SLINKY
Woody, Andy's coming home!

Woody looks up, sees the minivan coming closer.

WOODY
Andy?!
(excited)
C'mon Bulls!

BULLSEYE
Need a ride, sheriff?

Woody's delighted, hops on Bullseye's back. Bullseye heels up on his hind legs triumphantly and WHINNIES.

WOODY
Uh-um... Hi-yo Bullseye!

They ride across the driveway toward the ivy trellis along the side of the garage.

ANGLE ON

Sarge is at Andy's window, looking through binoculars.

SARGE
Red alert! Red alert! Incoming toys! It's Woody!

Bo Peep, Mrs. Potato Head, Rocky, and the other toys WALLAH EXCITEMENT as they climb to Andy's window. Sarge climbs on the garage roof.

SARGE
Operation rescue bucket! Code red! Move it!

Squads of GREEN ARMY MEN march out of Andy's window carrying a jumprope tied to their bucket. They lower the jumprope-bucket over the trellis. Woody and Bullseye rendezvous with the other toys at the base of the trellis. They all jump in the bucket.

Woody looks up, see Sarge on the roof above.

SARGE
Welcome home, SIR!

WOODY
Sarge?
(brightens)
Sarge! Great idea!

The minivan pulls in the driveway. Andy gets out, walks toward the front door.

ANDY
...and we made smores and sang songs. Can I go back next week?

MRS. DAVIS
We'll see, sweetie.

Andy runs to the front of the house.

The toys are being raised in the bucket. On the roof, the entire bucket of Green Army Men is pulling on the jumprope. Sarge turns to the toys gathered at Andy's window and signals.

SARGE
Mother bird's returning to the nest!

The toys in Andy's window cheer.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andy excitedly starts up the stairs.

EXT. GARAGE ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Woody, Bullseye, Buzz step on the roof and begin running to the window. Bo Peep and the rest of the toys are waiting with the window open.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andy's POV as he reaches the second floor and runs to his room.

INT. ANDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The toys climb in the window. Bo Peep greets Woody.

BO PEEP
Did Buzz give you my message, sheriff?

WOODY
What message?

Bo Peep gives Woody a kiss.

WOODY
(delirious)
Thank you, Buzz!

The toys hear ANDY'S FOOTSTEPS and resume their positions.

WHAM! The door opens. Andy bounds in, sees the toys just as he left them.

ANDY
Woody! Buzz!

He runs over and picks them up, examines them a moment. He runs his fingers over Buzz's scuff mark. Then he checks out Woody's damaged hat, a quizzical look on his face. It's tense, until...

ANDY
I missed you guys.
(he hugs them to his chest)
While you guys were lying around all summer, I was at adventure camp! I made a wallet!

Andy proudly produces a home-made wallet. Then he stops, sees Bullseye laying on the bed. He picks Bullseye up.

ANDY
Cool!
(calls downstairs)
Thanks mom!

MRS. DAVIS (O.S.)
(clueless)
You bet, Andy.

Andy seats Woody on Bullseye's back. Woody fits perfectly. Andy pretends to have them ride around on the bed, then walks Buzz up to Woody.

ANDY
(as Woody)
Hey Buzz, want to go on an adventure?

Andy presses Buzz's voice button.

BUZZ VOICE BOX
There's a secret mission in uncharted space. Let's go.

Andy spreads Buzz's legs apart and hops him on Bullseye behind Woody. Andy pulls Woody's string.

WOODY VOICE BOX
(as if to Buzz)
Yee-haa! You're my favorite deputy!

Andy puts them down and admires his wallet. For a split second, Woody, Buzz and Bullseye give each other a knowing wink and smile, as we:

FADE OUT.